

shot off the shadders of the hills arose  
it. Well, I went up the old trail fr  
the spring, and after I had gone abo  
a mile or so, I noticed a small stream  
pestered out. Down again the spring  
had noticed several trails leading  
from the main one and towards the s  
hill through the brush. I went back  
the spring and took the main one  
then back down it. It stopped at a  
place where the mouth of a tunnel or  
cave hid by brush. I stopped a minut  
go'in in, for, while I 'low I ain't v  
skittish, yit there seemed ter be sumt'  
kinder pushin' me back. I glimpsed  
along the side of the hill and seed